THE

HELICON OF LOVE.

A SELECTION FROM THE POETS

OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

LONDON:
H. G. CLARKE AND CO., 66, OLD BAILEY.
—
1844.

INTRODUCTION.

Some remarks on the English Amatory Poets, while they will best explain the principles by which it has been directed, seem naturally introductory of the Selection now submitted to the public.

I.

To the laws of Chivalry, which demanded that a knight should be qualified to sing the praises of her for whom he aspired to contend, is probably to be ascribed the partiality for amatorial composition so observable in our early bards. Their songs, however, occupied with descriptive eulogium, or an ostentatious display of the attractions and qualifications of their mistresses, seldom breathe that fervour of heart, that seductive tenderness, which, as it constitutes the highest charm of

such effusions, is indispensably required in the poetical addresses of the present times.

II.

During the reign of Henry the Eighth, by whose example the current of fashion became diverted in favour of gallantry, Petrarch was accordingly studied, and not unsuccessfully imitated, by Surrey and Wyat. Suckling, deviating notwithstanding from the general practice, though with questionable merit, gave a novel turn to familiar feelings; and, if he failed to gratify the votaries of sensibility, he at least amused the admirers of humour and ingenuity. Perhaps it is to be suspected that he was not innocent of designing to ridicule the serious productions of his contemporaries.

III.

Queen Elizabeth, while she fettered the originality of description, by expecting adulatory allusions to herself, nevertheless encouraged the prevailing predilection for love verses. Harrington, Sidney, Ralcigh, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Shakspere, Donne, Jonson, assiduously courted, under her auspices, the smiles of the softer muse. Cowley, in a succeeding age, affirms that

"poets are scarcely thought freemen of their company without paying some duties, or obliging themselves to be true to love." He might have added, however, that it was not every freeman who was qualified to take up his livery.

IV.

Neither the pedantry of James the First, nor the turbulence experienced under his unfortunate Successor in the throne, appear to have silenced the strains dedicated by genius to beauty. Drummond, Carew, Waller, Habington, Lovelace, Herrick, and Cowley, exhibit the progressive improvement of this species of literary homage, and, perhaps, the perfection of the style in which it should be conveyed.

But it is not sufficient merely to have enumerated such writers as Spenser, Daniel, Drummond, Carew, Waller, and Habington.

Among these poets who successively advanced the refinement of our language, and ameliorated our taste, it will be found that Daniel, possessing the pathetic delicacy of Spenser, anticipated the melodious simplicity of Drummond. On the merits of Drummond, whose sonnets are so extensively read, and so generally ad-

mired, it were superfluous to enlarge.

Nothing is more capricious than the customary distribution of fame. After the perusal of Spenser, Daniel, and Drummond, by whom he was preceded, and an attentive consideration of the pretensions of Carew and Habington, with whom he was contemporary, who can avoid expressing some surprise at the predominating reputations enjoyed by Waller?—a poet, whatever estimable qualities he otherwise possessed, who must be pronounced essentially deficient in the chief constituents of amatory excellence; whose compliments were often hyperbolical and unnatural, whose passion was destitute of tenderness, and whose wit was sometimes disgraced by indelicacy. To Carew, however censurable for moral discrepancies, the praise of unaffected thinking, of a considerable portion of originality, and of fascinating numbers, is not to be denied. Habington is among the last of those poets in whose writings pleasure is wholly divested of licentiousness, and where the imagination is sublimed by the heart.

V.

The dissoluteness of manners introduced by the Restoration was not unproductive of concomitant effects

on the minds of men of talent. Under the ruins of the old monarchy seems to have been buried the spirit of chivalric feeling: the wits of the court of Charles the Second evince neither the vigour nor pathos of those who ornamented a former reign; with few exceptions, all is elegant trifling, or disgusting voluptuousness. It is an immutable truth, nor can it be too often reiterated that whatever contaminates the morals has a tendency to impoverish the mental resources.

VI.

Partly owing to the prevalence of political disquisition and partly to the fluctuations of fashion, the encouragement before extended towards amatory writing seems rapidly to have declined subsequently to the Revolution. It is not only that such publications as the "Astrophel and Stella" of Sidney, the "Castara" of Habington, or the "Lucasta" of Lovelace, no longer diversify the annals of literature, but personal attachment almost ceased to inspire the impulse of poetic enthusiasm; our principal poets, as Pope in his "Eloise," frequently adopting either the epistolary or didactic form, for the expressing of amatory emotion.

VII.

Without derogation from the applause due to intervening poets, it is principally during the last sixty years, but particularly in the present age, that Love can be considered as having regained, with augmented splendour, her empire over Poetry. It is gratifying to bear this honourable testimony to existing merit; and to know, at the same time, that the opinion of the individual will be ratified at the tribunal of the public.

GEORGE BOLEYN,

VISCOUNT ROCHFORD.

Born 1500, *died* 1536.

TO HIS LUTE.

My Lute, awake! perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste;
And end that I have now begun.
And when this song is sung and past,
My Lute be still; for I have done.

As to be heard where care is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone;
My song may pierce her heart as soon:
Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan?—
No, no, my Lute! for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection;
So that I am past remedy:
Whereby, my Lute and I have done.

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

Born 1503, *died* 1541.

SONG.

Your looks so often cast,
  Your eyes so friendly roll'd,
Your sight fixed so fast,
  Always one to behold;

Though hide it fain ye would,
  It plainly doth declare,
Who hath your heart in hold,
  And where good-will ye bear.

Fain would ye find a cloke
  Your burning fire to hide,
Yet both the flame and smoke
  Breaks out on every side.

Ye cannot Love so guide,
  That it no issue win:
Abroad needs must it glide,
  That burns so hot within.

SONNET.

My heart I gave thee not to do it pain,
But to preserve, lo! it to thee was taken;
I served thee not that I should be forsaken,
But that I should receive reward again:

I was content thy servant to remain,
And not to be repaid on this fashion.
Now, since in thee there is no other reason,
Displease thee not if that I do refrain,
Unsatiate of my woe and thy desire;
Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault.
But since it pleaseth thee to feign default,
Farewell, I say, departing from the fire.
For he that doth believe bearing in hand,
Ploweth in the water, and soweth in the sand.

SONNET.

If amorous faith, or if an heart unfeign'd;
If sweet langour, a great lovely desire;
If honest will, kindled in gentle fire;
If long error in a blind maze chain'd;
If in my visage each thought distain'd;
Or if my sparkling voice, lower or higher,
Which fear and shame so woefully doth tire;
If pale colour, which Love, alas! hath stain'd;
If to have other than myself more dear;
If wailing or sighing continually,
With sorrowful anger feeding busily;
If burned far off, and if freezing near,—
Are cause that I by love myself destroy,
Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

HENRY HOWARD,

EARL OF SURREY.

Born 1516, *died* 1547.

AISE OF HIS LOVE, WHEREIN HE REPROVETH THEM THAT COMPARE THEIR LADIES WITH HIS.

Give place, ye lovers, here before,
That spent your bostes and bragges in vain;
My ladies bewty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the faire;
For what she sayth, ye may it trust
As by it writing sealled were;
And virtues hath she many moe
Than I with pen have skill to showe.

I could reherse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,—
When she had lost the perfite mould
The like to whom she could not paint;
With wringyng hands how did she cry,
And what she said, I know it, I

I knowe she swore with raging minde,
Her kingdome only set apart,
There was no losse, by law of kinde,
That could have gone so near her hart:
And this was chiefly all her paine.
She could not make the like againe.

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise
To be the chiefest worke she wrought;
In faith, me thinke, some better wayes
On your behalfe might well be sought,
Than to compare (as you have done)
To matche the candle with the sunne.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE, GERALDINE.

From Tuscane came my ladies worthy race;
Faire Florence was sometime their ancient seate;
The western yle, whose plesant shore doth face
Wild Cambers cliffs, did gyve her lively heate:
Fostred she was with milke of Irish brest;
Her sire an erle; her dame of princes blood:
From tender yeres in Britain she doth rest
With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food.
Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyn;
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight:
Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine:
Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind, her virtues from above:
Happy is he that can obtaine her love!

JOHN HARRINGTON,

THE ELDER.

Born about 1534, *died* 1582.

VERSES MADE ON ISABELLA MARKHAME, WHEN I FIRSTE THOUGHT HER FAYER AS SHE STOOD AT THE PRINCESS'S WINDOWE IN GOODLYE ATTYRE, AND TALKEDE TO DYVERS IN THE COURTE-YARD.

Whence comes my love, O hearte, disclose!
'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose;
From lips that spoyle the rubies prayse;
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe, as freely owne;
Ah, me! 'twas from a hearte like stone.

The blushyng cheek speakes modest mynde,
The lips befitting wordes most kynde;
The eye does tempte to love's desyre,
And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire:
Yet all so faire but speake my moane,
Syth noughte dothe saye the hearte of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kindely speake
Sweet eye, sweet lyppe, sweet blushyng cheeke,
Yet not a hearte to save my paine?
O Venus! take thy giftes again
Make nought so faire to cause our moane,
Or make a hearte that's lyke your owne.

EDWARD VERE.

EARL OF OXFORD.

Born about 1534, *died* 1604.

THE BIRTH OF DESIRE.

When wert thou born, Desire?
" In pomp and pride of May."
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?
" By good Conceit, men say."

Tell me who was thy nurse?
" Fresh Youth in sugared joy."
What was thy meat and daily food?
" Sore sighs and great annoy."

What hadst thou, then, to drink?
" Unfeigned lovers' tears."
What cradle were you rocked in?
" In Hope devoid of fears."

What brought you, then, asleep?
" Sweet speech that men liked best."
And where is now your dwelling place?
" In gentle hearts I rest."

Doth company displease?
" It doth in many a one."
Where would Desire, then, chuse to be?
" He likes to be alone."

What feedeth most your sight?
"To gaze on favour still."
Who find you most to be your foe?
Disdain of my good will."

Will ever age or death
Bring you unto decay?
"No, no; Desire both lives and dies
Ten thousand times a day."

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

Born about 1540, *died about* 1578.

A STRANGE PASSION OF A LOVER.

Amid my bale I bathe in blisse;
I swimme in heaven, I sinke in hell;
I finde amendes for every misse,
And yet my mone no tongue can tell:
I live and love, what would you more?
As never lover lived before.

I laugh sometime with little lust,
So jest I oft and feele no joy;
Mine ease is builded all on trust,
And yet mistruste breedes mine annoy;
I live and lacke, I lacke and have;
I have and misse the thing I crave.

These things seeme strange, yet are they trew;
Believe me, sweet, my state is such:
One pleasure which I would eschew
Both slakes my greefe and breedes my grutch:
So doth one paine, whiche I would shun.
Renew my joyes where greefe begun.

Then, like the larke that past the night
In heavy sleepe, with cares opprest;
Yet, when she spies the pleasant light,
She sends sweete notes from out her brest:
So sing I now, because I thinke
How joyes approach when sorrows shrinke.

And as faire Philomene againe
Can watch and sing when others sleepe,
And taketh pleasure in her paine,
To wray the woe that makes her weepe:
So sing I now for to bewray
The lothesome life I leade alway.

The which to thee (deare wench) I write,
That know'st my mirth, but not my mone:
I pray God grante thee deepe delight,
To live in joys when I am gone.
I cannot live, it will not bee;
I die to thinke to parte with thee,

THE CONSTANCIE OF A LOVER.

That selfe same tongue which first did thee intreate,
To lynke thy lyking with my lucky love;
That trusty tongue must nowe these wordes repeate,
I love thee still, my fancy cannot move.
That dreadlesse hart which durst attempt the thought
To win thy will with mine for to consent,
Maintains that vow which love in me first wrought,
I love thee still, and never shall repent.
That happy hand which hardily did touch
Thy tender body to my deepe delight,
Shall serve with sword to prove my passion such
As loves thee still, much more than it can write.
Thus love I still with tongue, hand, hart, and all
And, when I change, let vengeance on me fall.

HENRY WILLOBY.

Born about 1540, *died about* 1595.

The flowring hearbes, the pleasant spring
That deckes the fieldes with vernal hew —
The harmlesse birdes that sweetly sing,
My hidden griefes do still renew:
The joyes that others long to see
Is it that most tormenteth me.

I greatly doubt, though March be past,
Where I shall see that wished May,
That can recure that balefull blast,
Whose cold despaire wrought my decay:
My hopelesse clouds that never cleere,
Presage great sorrows very neere.

I once did mirth and musicke love,
Which both as now I greatly hate:
What uncouth sprite my heart doth move
To loath the thing I loved so late?
My greatest ease, in deepest mone,
Is when I walke myselfe alone:

Where, thinking on my hopelesse hap,
My trickling teares like rivers flow;
Yet Fancy lulls me in her lap,
And telles me lyfe from death shall grow:
Thus flattering hope makes me believe
My griefe in tyme shall feele relieve.

Good fortune helpes the venturing wight
That hard attempts dares undertake,
But they that shun the doubtful fight,
As coward drudges, doth forsake:
Come what there will, I meane to try,
For, winne or lose, I can but dye.

FRANCIS KINDLEMARSH, OR KYNWELMERSH.

Flourished about 1556.

A VERTUOUS GENTLEWOMAN IN PRAISE OF HER LOVE.

I am a virgin faire and free, and freely do rejoyce;
I sweetly warble sugred notes from silver voice;
For which delightful joyes yet thanke I courteous love,
By whose almightie power such sweet delights I prove.

I walke in pleasant fieldes adorned with lively greene,
I view the fragrant flowers most lovely to be seene;
The purple columbine, the cowslippe, and the lillie,
The violet sweete, the daisie, and yellow daffodillie;

The woodbine in the edge, the red rose and the white,
And each fine flower else that rendereth sweet delight;
Amongst the which I chuse all those of seemliest grace,
In thought resembling them to my deare lover's face.

His lovely face I mean, whose golden flowring giftes
His ever living fame to loftie skye upliftes:
Whom loving me I love onley for vertue's sake,
Whom vertuously to love all onely care I take.

Of all which fresh faire flowers, that flower which doth appeare
In my conceit most like to him I holde so deere,
I gather it, I kisse it, and eke devise with it
Such kind of lovely speech as is for lovers fit.

And then of all my flowers I make a garland fine,
With which my golden-wire haires together I do twine;
And set it on my head, so taking that delight
That I would take, had I my lover still in sight.

For as in goodly flowers mine eyes great pleasure finde,
So are my lover's gifts most pleasant to my minde.
Upon which vertuous giftes I make more repast
Than they that for love sportes the sweetest joyes do taste.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

Born 1562, *died* 1592.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountains yield.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidering all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;—
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Born 1552, *died* 1618.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

If all the world and Love were young,
And truth on every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flock from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And Age complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is Fancy's spring, but Sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poises,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten
In folly ripe—in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds
Thy coral clasps and amber studs
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

THE SILENT LOVER.

Passions are likened best to floods and streames;
The shallow murmur, but the deepe are dumb.
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come:
They that are rich in words must needs discover,
That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistresse of my heart
  The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
  Who sues for no compassion!

Since, if my plaints were not t' approve
  The conquest of thy beautie,
It comes not from defect of love,
  But fear to exceed my dutie.

For, knowing that I sue to serve
  A sainte of such perfection,
As all desire but none deserve
  A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want reliefe
  Than venture the revealing:
Where glory recommends the griefe,
  Despaire disdains the healing!

Thus those desires that boil so high
  In any mortal lover,
When reason cannot make them die,
  Discretion them must cover.

Yet when Discretion both bereave
  The plaintes that I should utter,
Then your discretion may perceive
  That Silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
  Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
  May challenge double pitty!

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart!
  My love for secret passion;
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
  And sues for no compassion.

HIS LOVE ADMITS NO RIVAL.

Shall I, like a hermit, dwell
On a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel gold,
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And with little more ado,
Work them into bracelets too!
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Where her hand as rich a prize
As her hairs or precious eyes,
If she lay them out to take
Kisses, for good manners' sake;
And let every lover skip,
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show;
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too:
But when she by change has got
To her heart a second lot;
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

LOVE.

What thing is Love, which nought can countervail?
  Nought save itself, even such a thing is love.
And worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail, —
  As lowest earth doth yield to heaven above.
Divine is Love, and scorneth worldly pelf,
And can be bought with nothing but with self.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Born about 1553, *died* 1598-9.

THE BRIDE.

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe from her chamber of the east,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long, loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And being crowned with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Natheless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with Beauty's grace, and Virtue's store?

Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining brigh
Her forehead ivory white;
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries, charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
Her pape like lillies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble tower;
And all her body like a palace fair
Ascending up with many a stately stair
To Honour's seat and Chastity's sweet bower.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whilst ye forget your former lay to sing
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring.

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively sprite,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more, then, would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonish'd, like to those which read
Medusa's amazeful head.
There dwells sweet Love and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty.
There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach, to tempt her mind to ill.

Had ye once seen these, her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love;
Open them wide, that she may enter in;
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before th' Almighty's view.
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whilst, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

SONNET.

Fayre is my love, when her fayre golden haires
With the loose wynd ye waving chance to marke;

Fayre when the rose in her red cheekes appeares;
Or in her eyes the fyre of love does sparke.
Fayre, when her breast, like a rich laden barke,
With pretious merchandize she forth doth lay;
Fayre, when that cloud of pryde, which oft doth mark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
But fayrest she, when so she doth display
The gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight;
Through which her words so wise do make their way
To beare the message of her gentle spright:
The rest be works of nature's wonderment,
But this the work of hart's astonishment.

SONNET.

Fresh Spring, the herald of Love's mighty king,
In whose coat-armour richly are displayed
All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously arrayed;
Go to my love, where she is careless laid.
In winter's bower yet not well awake;
Tell her the joyous time will not be stay'd,
Unless she do him by the forelock take.
Bid her, therefore, herself soon ready make,
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew;
Where every one that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him amerced with penance due.
Make haste therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime,
For none can call again the passed time.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,

Born 1554, *died* 1586.

Faint amorist! what, dost thou think
To taste love's honey, and not drink
One dram of gall? or to devour
A world of sweet, and taste no sour?
Dost thou ever think to enter
Th' Elysian Fields, that dar'st not venture
In Charon's barge? A lover's mind
Must use to sail with every wind.

He that loves, and fears to try,
Learns his mistress to deny.
Doth she chide thee? 'tis to shew it
That thy coldness makes her do it.
Is she silent? is she mute
Silence fully grants thy suit.
Doth she pout and leave the room?
Then she goes to bid thee come.

Is she sick? why then be sure,
She invites thee to the cure.
Doth she cross thy suit with "No?"
Tush! she loves to hear thee woo.
Doth she call the faith of men
In question? nay, she loves thee then,

And if e'er she makes a blot,
She's lost if that thou hitt'st her not,

He that, after ten denials,
Dares attempt no further trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire.

SONNET.

O kiss! which do'st those ruddy gems impart,
Or gems or fruits of new found Paradise,
Breathing all bliss, and sweetness to the heart;
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise:
O kiss! which souls, ev'n souls together ties,
By links of Love, and only Nature's art:
Now fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes,
Or of thy gifts, at least, shade out some part!
But *she* forbids; with blushing words, she says,
She builds her fame on higher-seated praise.
But my heart burns, I cannot silent be!
Then since, dear Life! you fain would have me peace;
And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease;
Stop you my mouth, with still, still kissing me.

SIR FULK GREVILLE.

LORD BROOK.

Born 1554, *died* 1628.

I, with whose colours Myra drest her head,
I, that wore posies of her own hand-making;
I, that mine own name in the chimnies read,
By Myra finely wrought e'er I was waking;
  Must I look on—in hope time-coming may,
  With change, bring back my turn again to play?

I, that on Sunday at the church-style found
A garland sweet, with true-love knots in flowers;
Which I to wear about mine arm was bound,
That each of us might know that all was our's:
  Must I now lead an idle life in wishes,
  And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes?

I, that did wear the ring her Mother left;
I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed;
I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft;
I, who did make her blush when I was named;
  Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,
  Watching with sighs till dead love be awaked?

I, that when drowsy Argus fell asleep,
Like Jealousy o'erwatched with Desire,
Was even warned modesty to keep,
While her breath, speaking, kindled nature's fire;
  Must I look on a-cold, while others warm them?
  Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets arm them?

Was it for this, that I might Myra see
Washing the water with her beauties white?
Yet could she never write her love to me!
Thinks wit of change, while thoughts are in delight
Mad girls may safely love, as they may leave:
No man can print a kiss, lines may deceive.

ROBERT GREEN.

Born about 1554, *died* 1592.

FAIR SAMELA.

Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela.

Whiter than be flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa faint they lie,
Is fair Samela.

As fair Aurora, in her morning gray,
Decked with the ruddy glitter of her love,
Is fair Samela.

Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
When as her brightness Neptune's fancies move,
Shines fair Samela,
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams.

NICHOLAS BRETON

Born about 1555, *died about* 1624.

A SOLEMN CONCEIT.

Doth Love live in Beauty's eyes?
  Why, then, are they so unloving?
  Patience in her passion proving
There his sorrow chiefly lies.

Lives belief in lovers' hearts?
  Why, then, are they unbelieving?
  Hourly so the spirit grieving
With a thousand jealous smarts.

Is there pleasure in love's passion?
  Why, then, is it so unpleasing,
  Heart and spirit both diseasing,
Where the wits are out of fashion?

No: Love sees in Beauty's eyes
  He hath only lost his seeing,
  Where, in Sorrow's only being
All his comfort wholly dies:

Fain within the heart of love,
  Fearful of the thing it hath,
  Treading of a trembling path,
Doth but jealousy approve.

In Love's passion, then, what pleasure,
  Which is but a lunacy,
  Where grief, fear, and jealousy,
Plague the senses out of measure?

Farewell, then, unkindly fancy,
  In thy courses all too cruel:
  Woe the price of such a jewel
As turns reason to a frenzy!

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

Born 1557, *died* 1634.

LOVE'S PANEGYRICS.

'Tis nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines.
And as without the Sun, the world's Great Eye,
All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to man; so without Love,
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried:
For love *informs* them as the sun doth colours,
And as the Sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruit and flowers,
So Love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolution, and divine discourse.

SONG OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

Bright *Panthæa* borne to Pan,
Of the noblest race of man,
  Her white hand to Eros giving
With a kiss, join'd heaven to earth,
And begot so fair a birth
  As yet never grac'd the living:
A twin that all worlds did adorn,
For so were *Love* and *Beauty* born.

Both so lov'd they did contend
Which the other should transcend
  Doing either grace and kindness:
Love from *Beauty* did remove
Lightness, call'd her stain in love,
  Beauty took from Love his blindness.
Love sparks made flames in Beauty's eye,
And Beauty blew up Love as high.

Virtue then commixt her fire,
To which *Beauty* did aspire;
  Innocence a crown conferring;
Mine and *thine* were then unused,
All things common, nought abused,
  Freely earth her fruitage bearing.
Nought then was car'd for that could fade—
And thus the golden world was made.

THOMAS WATSON.

Born 1560, *died about* 1591.

LOVE UNREQUITED.

When Maye is in his prime, and the youthful spring
  Doth cloathe the tree with leaves, the ground with
    flowers,
And time of year reviveth ev'ry thing.
  And lovely Nature smiles, and nothing lowers;
Then Philomela most doth strain her breast
With night complaints, and sits in little rest.
This bird's estate I may compare with mine,
  To whom fond Love doth worke such wrongs by day,
That in the night my heart must needs repine,
  And storm with sighs to ease me as I may;
Whilst others are becalmed, or lye them still,
Or sayle secure with wind and tide at will.
And as all those that heare this bird complaine,
  Conceive in all her tunes a sweet delight,
Without remorse or pitying her paine;
  So she for whom I waite both daye and night,
Doth sport herself in hearing my complaint:
A just reward for serving such a saint.

THOMAS LODGE.

Born about 1560, *died* 1623.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
  Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
  Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest,—
  Ah! wanton, will ye!

And if I sleep, then pierceth he
  With pretty slight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
  The live-long night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if I but sing;
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet, cruel he, my heart doth sting;
  Ah, wanton!—will ye!

Else I with roses every day
  Will whip ye hence,
And bind ye when ye long to play,
  For your offence.

I'll shut my eyes to keep ye in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin:—
Alas! what hereby shall I win
  If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
  With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
  Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid! so thou pity me,—
  Spare not, but play thee.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

Born 1562, *died* 1619.

AN ODE.

Now each creature joys the other,
  Passing happy days and hours;
One bird reports unto another,
  In the fall of silver showers;
Whilst the earth, our common mother,
  Hath her bosom deck'd with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven
With bright rays warms Flora's lap,
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap;
My field of flowers, quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.

Echo, daughter of the air,
Babbling guest of rocks and hills,
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ills:
Each thing pities my despair,
Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she, O cruel maid!
Doth me and my love despise,
My life's flourish is decay'd
That depended on her eyes:
But her will must be obey'd,
And well he ends for love who dies.

SONG.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows;
Most barren with best using:
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey, oh!

Love is a torment of the mind,
  A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
  Not well, nor full nor fasting:
    Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
    Hey, ho!

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Born about 1563, *died* 1631.

LOVE.

Calm winds, blow you fair;
Rock her, thou sweet gentle air:
Oh! the morn is noon,
The evening comes too soon
  To part my love and me!
The roses and thy lips do meet,
Oh! that life were half so sweet!
Who would respect his breath
That might die such a death?—
  All the bushes that be near
With sweet nightingales beset,
  Hush, sweet, and be still,
  Let them sing their fill,
There's none our joys to let.

SONNET.

Love, banish'd Heaven, on earth was held in scorn
Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary;
And wanting friends, though of a goddess born,
Yet crav'd the alms of such as passed by:
I, like a man devout and charitable,
Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring Guest;
With sighs and tears still furnishing his table,
With what might make the miserable blest.
But this Ungrateful, for my good desert,
Intic'd my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gave consent to steal away my heart;
And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire.
  Well, well my friends! when beggars grow thus bold
  No marvel, then, though charity grow cold!

SONNET.

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done; you get no more of me:
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever; cancel all our vows;
And, when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen, in either of our brows,

That we one jot of former love retain!
Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies:
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death;
And Innocence is closing up her eyes;
  Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
  From death to life, thou might'st him *yet* recover!

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

Born 1564, *died* 1616.

SONG.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sand, and yet no footing seen
  Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
  Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn to night, even where I list to sport me:
  Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
  That thou should'st think it heavy unto thee?

CANZONET.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wonton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's-breath.
Air, *quoth he*, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn to thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love,

SONNET.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends, with the remover to remove:

O no! It is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out, e'en to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, and no man ever lov'd.

SONNET.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Had put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet, nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer-story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew,
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;—
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd in winter still, and you away.
As with your shadow I with these did play.

SONNET.

The forward violet thus did I chide:—
Sweet thief, whence did thou steal thy sweetest smells
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, not red nor white, had stol'n from both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Born about 1565, *died about* 1627.

He that truly loves,
Burns out the day in idle fantasies;
And when the lamb, bleating, doth bid good night
Unto the closing day, then tears begin
To keep quick time unto the owl, whose voice
Shrieks like the bell-man in the lover's ear.
Love's eye the jewel of sleep, oh, seldom wears;

The early lark is waken'd from her bed,
Being only by love's pain's disquited;
But, singing in the morning's ear, she weeps,
Being deep in love, at lovers' broken sleeps;
But say, a golden slumber chance to tie,
With silken strings, the cover of love's eye,
Then dreams, magician-like, mocking present
Pleasures, whose fading, leaves more discontent.

JOHN MARSTON.

Born 1566, *died* 1634.

LOVE ETERNAL.

If love be holy, if that mystery
Of co-united hearts be sacrament;
If the unbounded Goodness hath infus'd
A sacred ardour of a mutual love
Into our species; if those amorous joys,
Those sweets of life, those comforts even in death,
Spring from a cause above our reason's reach;
If that clear flame deduce its heat from Heaven,
'Tis, like its cause, eternal; always one,
As is the instiller of divinest love,
Unchang'd by time, immortal, maugre death.

HENRY CONSTABLE.

Born 1568, *died* 1604.

SONG TO DIAPHENIA.

Diaphen's like the daffy-down-dilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
  Heigho! how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams;
  How blest were I if thou would'st prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
  Fair sweet how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power:
  For dead, thy breath to life might move me!

Diaphenia, like to all things bless'd
When all thy praises are express'd,
  Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:—
  Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Born 1568, *died* 1639.

ON HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
  That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light!
  You common people of the skies!
  What are you when the sun shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
  That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
  By your weak accents! what's your praise
  When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
  By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
  As if the spring were all your own!
  What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
  In form and beauty of her mind;
By virtue first, then choice, a queen!
  Tell me if she were not design'd
  Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

THOMAS CAMPION.

Born about 1570, died about 1640.

OF HIS MISTRESS' FACE.

And would you see my mistress' face?
It is a flow'ry garden place,
Where knots of beauty have such grace,
That all is work, and no where space.

It is a sweet delicious morn,
Where day is breeding, never born;
It is a meadow yet unshorn,
Which thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,
Weak to dazzle and to vex;
It is the Idæa of her sex,
Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of death that smiles,
Pleasing though it kills the whiles;
Where Death and Love, in pretty wiles;
Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair Beauty's freshest youth;
It is the feign'd Elisium's truth;
The spring that wintered hearts renew'th,
And this is that my soul pursu'th.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

Born 1570, *died* 1638.

THE FLIRT.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
  And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
  That lip could move had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet; yet find
  Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
  Which kisseth every thing it meets;
And since thou can'st with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be lov'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouched stands,
  Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd, through ruder hands,
  Her sweet no longer with her dwells,
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, e'er long, will thee betide, —
  When thou hast handled been awhile;
Like sear-flowers to be thrown aside,
  And I will sigh when some will smile;
To see thy love for more than one,
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

WILLIAM SMITH.

Born about 1571, *died* ——.

SONNET.

Thy beauty subject of my song I make,
O fairest fair, on whom depends my life!
Refuse not then the task I undertake
To please thy rage, and to appease my strife;
But with one smile remunerate my toil;
None other guerdon I of thee desire;
Give not my lowly muse, new-hatch'd the foil,
But warmth, that she may at the length aspire
Unto the temples of thy star-bright eyes,
Upon whose round orbs perfect beauty sits;
From whence such glorious crystal beams arise,
As best my Chloris' seemly face befits:
Which eyes, which beauty, which bright crystal beam,
Which face of thine, hath made my love extreme.

BEN JONSON.

Born 1574, *died* 1637.

SONG.

O do not wanton with those eyes,
  Lest I be sick with seeing!
Nor cast them down; but let them rise,
  Lest shame destroy their being.

O be not angry with those fires,
  For then their threats will kill me.
Nor look too kind on my desires,
  For then my hopes will spill me.

O do not steep them in thy tears,
  For so will sorrow slay me:
Nor spread them, as distract with fears;
  Mine own enough betray me!

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfum'd;
Lady it is to be presum'd—
Though art's hid causes are not found—
All is not sweet, all is not sound!

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;—
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free!
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art;
That strike mine eyes but not my heart.

SONG.

For love's sake, kiss me once again!
I long, and should not beg in vain:
Here's none to spy, or see;
Why do you doubt, or stay?
I'll taste as lightly as the Bee,
That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.

Once more, and (faith) I will be gone;
Can he that loves, ask less than one?
Nay you may err in this,
And all your bounty wrong;
This could be call'd but half a kiss.
What we're but once to do, we should do long.

I will but mend the last; and tell
Where, how it would have relish'd well;
Join lip to lip and try
Each to suck other's breath;
And, whilst our tongues perplexed lie,
Let who will think us dead, or wish our death!

MADRIGAL.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth;
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth;

Do but mark her forehead, smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arch'd brow such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life,
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
  Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow,
  Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or the swan's down, ever?
Or have smelt 'o the bud o' the briar?
Or the nard i' the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee,
Oh! so white! oh! so soft! oh! so sweet is she!

TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine!
Or leave a kisse but in the cup,—
  And I'le not looke for wine.
The thirst that from the soule doth rise,
  Doth aske a drinke divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
  I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosie wreath,
  Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
  It could not withered bee.
But thou thereon did'st only breath,
  And sent'st it backe to mee:
Since when it growes, and smells, I sweare,
  Not of itselfe, but thee.

THOMAS CAREW.

Born about 1577, *died* 1664.

SONG.

Ask me no more—where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose?
For in your beauties' orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more—whither do stray
The golden atoms of the Day;
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more—whither doth haste
The Nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet-dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more—where those Stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more—if east or west,
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you, at last, she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies!

TO CELIA.

No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers,
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing,
Nor April Violets paint the grove;
If I forsake my Celia's love!

The fish shall in the ocean burn;
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn;
The humble oak no flood shall know,
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow;
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave;
If e'er my Celia I deceive!

Love shall his bow and shafts lay by,
And Venus' Doves want wings to fly;
The sun refuse to shew his light;
And day shall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no star appear;
If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth;
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell;
Grim death no more shall horrid prove,
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosie cheek,
  Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
  Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
  Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd
  Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
  My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
  And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some Pow'r in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

JOHN FLETCHER, *born* 1576, *died* 1625.
FRANCIS BEAUMONT, *born* 1585, *died* 1615.

SONG.

Now the lusty spring is seen;
  Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
  Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every green.
Roses blushing as they blow,
  And enticing men to pull;
Lilies whiter than the snow,
  Woodbines of sweet honey full:
    All love's emblems, and all cry,
    "Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

Yet, the lusty spring hath staid;
  Blushing red, and purest white,
  Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.
Cherries kissing as they grow, —
  And inviting men to taste;
Apples even ripe below,
  Winding gently to the waist:
  All love's emblems, and all cry,
  "Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

LOVE.

Can you love for love, and make that the reward?
The old man shall not love his heaps of gold
With a more doting superstition,
Than I'll love you; the young man, his delights;
The merchant, when he ploughs the angry sea up,
And sees the mountain-billows falling on him,
As if all elements, and all their angers,
Were turn'd into one vow'd destruction,
Shall not with greater joy embrace his safety.
We'll live together like two wanton vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another;
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit;
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn,
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

Wherefore sits
My Phœbe shadow'd in a sable cloud!
Those pearly drops which thou lett'st fall like beads,
Numbering on them thy vestal orisons,
Alas! are spent in vain; I love thee still.
In midst of all these showers thou sweetlier scent'st,
Like a green meadow on an April day,
In which the sun and west wind play together,
Striving to catch and drink its pearly drops.

WILLIAM HERBERT

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Born about 1580, *died* 1630.

LOVE IN THE COUNTRY.

Dear, leave thy home and come with me,
That scorn the world for love of thee;
Here we will live, within this park,
A court of joy and pleasure's ark.

Here we will hunt, here we will range;
Constant in love, our sports we'll change;
Of hearts, if any change we make,
I will have thine, thou mine shalt take.

Here we will walk upon the lawns,
And see the tripping of the fawns:
And all the deer shall wait on thee,—
Thou shalt command both them and me.

The leaves a whisp'ring noise shall make,
Their musick-notes the birds shall wake;
And while thou art in quiet sleep,
Through the green wood shall silence keep.

And while my herds about thee feed,
Love's lessons in thy face I'll read,
And feed upon thy lovely look,
For beauty hath no fairer book.

It's not the weather, nor the air,
It is thyself, that is so fair;
Nor doth it rain when heaven lowers,
But when you frown, then fall the showers.

One sun alone moves in the sky,—
Two suns thou hast, one in each eye;
Only by day that sun gives light,—
Where thine doth rise there is no night.

Fair starry twins, scorn not to shine
Upon my lambs, upon my kine;
My grass doth grow, my corn and wheat,
My fruit, my vines, thrive by their heat.

Thou shalt have wool, thou shalt have silk,
Thou shalt have honey, wine, and milk;
Thou shalt have all, for all is due
Where thoughts are free and love is true.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

Born 1582, *dit.* 1628.

The bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath
Feels, in its barrenness, some touch of spring
And, in the April dew, or beam of May,
Its moss and lichen freshens and revives:
And thus the heart, most sear'd to human pleasure,
Melts at the tear, joys at the smile of woman.

A DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

Love is a region, full of fires,
And burning with extreme desires,
An object seeks, of which possest
The wheels are fixed, the motions rest,
The flames in ashes lie oppreat:
This meteor, striving high to rise,
(The fuel spent) falls down and dies.

Much sweeter, and more pure delights
Are drawn from fair alluring sights,
When ravisht minds attempt to praise
Commanding eyes, like heavenly rays;
Whose force the gentle heart obeys:
Than where the end of this pretence
Descends to base inferior sense.

'Why then should lovers (most will say)
Expect so much th' enjoying day?'
Love is like youth, he thirsts for age,
He scorns to be his mother's page:
But when proceeding time assuage
The former heat, he will complain,
And wish those pleasant hours again.

We know that Hope and Love are twins!
Hope gone, fruition now begins;
But what is this? Unconstant, frail,
In nothing sure, but sure to fail:

Which, if we lose it, we bewail!
And when we have it, still we bear
The worst of passions, daily fear.

When Love thus in his centre ends,
Desire and Hope, his inward friends,
Are shaken off: while Doubt and Grief,
The weakest givers of relief,
Stand in his council as the chief:
And now he to this period brought,
From Love, becomes some other thought.

These lines I write not to remove
United souls from serious love:
The best attempts by mortals made,
Reflect on things which quickly fade!
Yet never will I men persuade
To leave affections, where may shine
Impressions of the Love divine.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

Born 1585, *died* 1649.

SONNET.

Trust not, sweet Soul! those curled waves of gold,
With gentle tides that on your temples flow!
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow!
Nor snow of cheeks, with tyrian grain enroll'd:

Trust not those shining lights, which wrought my woe
When first I did their azure rays behold!
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the thracian harper have been told.
Look to this dying lily, fading rose!
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice!
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes!
The cruel tyrant, that did kill those flow'rs,
Shall once, ah me! not spare that Spring of your's.

SONNET.

O sacred Blush! enpurpling checks' pure skies
With crimson wings, which spread thee like the morn?
O bashful Look! sent from those shining eyes,
Which, though slid down on earth, doth heaven adorn!
O Tongue! in which most luscious nectar lies,
That can at once both bless and make forlorn!
Dear coral Lip! which beauty beautifies:
That trembling stood, before her words were born!
And ye, her Words! words no—but golden chains
Which did enslave my ears, ensnare my soul;
Wise image of her mind, mind that contains
A power all power of senses to control:
So sweetly you from love dissuade do me,
That I love more, if more my love can be.

SONNET.

All other Beauties, howsoe'er they shine!
In hairs more bright than is the golden ore,
Or cheeks more fair than fairest eglantine,
Or hands like her that comes the sun before!
Match'd with that heavenly hue and shape of thine,
With those dear stars which my weak thoughts adore,
Look but as shadows—or if they be more,
It is in this, that they are like to thine!
Who sees those eyes, their force that doth not prove?
Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,
And finds not Venus' son entrench'd therein,
Or hath not sense, or knows not what is love.
To see thee, had Narcissus had the grace,
He would have died with wondering on thy face!

THE KISS.

The kiss, with so much strife,
Which I late got, sweet Heart!
Was it a sign of death, or was it life?
Of life it could not be,
For I by it did sigh my soul in thee:
Nor was it death, death doth no joy impart.
Thou silent stand'st.—Ah! what didst thou bequeath;
A dying life to me, or living death?

ALL CHANGETH.

"The angry winds not aye
Do cuff the roaring deep;
And though heavens often weep,
Yet do they smile for joy, when comes dismay;
Frosts do not ever kill the pleasant flow'rs;
And love hath sweets, when gone are all the sours."
This said a Shepherd, closing in his arms
His Dear; who blush'd to feel love's new alarms!

JOHN FORD.

Born 1586, *died about* 1640.

THE SHEPHERD'S SORROW FOR HIS PHŒBE'S DISDAIN.

Oh! woods, unto your walks my body hies,
To loose the trayterous bonds of tyring love;
Where trees, where herbs, where flowers,
Their native moisture poures,
From forth their tender stalks to helpe mine eyes:
Yet their united teares may nothing move.

When I behold the fair adorned tree,
Which lightning's force and winter's frosts resist;
Then Daphne's ill betide,
And Phœbu's lawless pride,
Enforce me say even such my sorrows be,
For selfe disdaine in Phœbe's heart consists.

If I behold the flowers by morning teares,
Looke lovely sweet, ah! then forlorne I crie,
Sweet showers, for Memnon shed,
All flowers by you are fed;
Whereas my piteous plaint that still appears,
Yields vigour to her scornes and makes me die.

When I regard the pretty glee-full bird,
With tear-full (yet delightfull) notes complaine,
I yield a terrror with my teares!
And whilst her musicke woundes my eares,
Alas! say I, when will my notes afford
Such like remorse who still beweepe my paine!

When I behold upon the leafeless bough
The haplesse bird lament her love's depart,
I draw her tiding nigh,
And sitting down I sigh!
And sighing say, alas! that birds avow
A settling faith, yet Phœbe scorns my smart.

Thus, weario in my walke, and woefull too,
I spend the day forespent with daily griefe!
Each object of distresse
My sorrow doth expresse,
I doate on that which doth my heart undoe,
And honour her that scorns to yield reliefe.

GEORGE WITHER.

Born 1588, *died* 1667.

FROM "FAIR VIRTUE."

Hail thou fairest of all creatures
Upon whom the sun doth shine;
Model of all rarest features,
And perfections most divine.
Thrice all hail! and blessed be
Those that love and honour thee.

This, thy picture, therefore shew I
Naked unto every eye,
Yet no feare of rival know I,
Neither touch of jealousie;
For, the more make love to thee.
I the more shall pleased be.

I am no Italian lover,
That will mew thee in a jayle;
But, thy beautie I discover,
English-like, without a vail:
If thou mayst be won away,—
Win and wear thee he that may.

Yet, in this thou mayst believe me;
(So indifferent tho' I seem)
Death with tortures would not grieve me,

More than loss of thy esteem;
For, if virtue me forsake,
All, a scorn of me will make.

Then, as I on thee relying
Doe no changing feare in thee;
So, by my defects supplying,
From all changing, keep thou me.
That, unmatched we may prove,—
Thou, for beautie; I, for love.

A SONNET UPON A STOLEN KISS.

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes,
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe
And free access, unto that sweet lip, lies,
From whence I long the rosie breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
From those two melting rubies, one poor kiss;
None sees the theft that would the thief reveal,
Nor rob I her of ought which she can miss:
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little sign I had done so;
Why then should I this robbery delay?
Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow!
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

Born 1590, *died* 1645.

SONG.

Shall I tell you whom I love?
  Harken then a while to me,
And if such a woman move
  As I now shall versify;
Be assured, 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
  As she scorns the help of art.
In as many virtues dight
  As e'er yet embraced a heart.
So much good so truly tried,
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
  To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
  Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

---Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth:
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth:
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is: and if you know
Such a one as I have sung;
Be she brown, or fair, or so,
That she be but somewhile young;
Be assured, 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

SONG.

Gentle nymphs, be not refusing,
Love's neglect is time's abusing,
They and beauty are but lent you;
Take the one, and keep the other:
Love keeps fresh what age doth smother,
Beauty gone, you will repent you.

'Twill be said, when ye have proved,
Never swains more truly loved:
O, then fly all nice behaviour!
Pity fain would (as her duty)
Be attending still on Beauty,
Let her not be out of favour.

LOVER'S PARTING.

Look as a lover, with a lingering kiss,
About to part with the best half that's his;
Fain would he stay, but that he fears to do it,
And curseth time for so fast hastening to it!
Now takes his leave, and yet begins anew
To make less vows than are esteemed true;
Then says he must be gone, and then doth find
Something he should have spoke that's out of mind;
And whilst he stands to look for it in her eyes,
Their sad sweet glance so tie his faculties,
To think from what he parts, that he is now
As far from leaving her, or knowing how,
As when he came; begins his former strain,
To kiss, to vow, and take his leave again;
Then turns, comes back, sighs, pants, and yet doth go,
Apt to retire, and loathe to leave her so;—
So part I.

THE SIREN'S SONG.

Steere hither, steere, your winged pines,
All beaten mariners,
Here lie Love's undiscovered mines,
A prey to passengers;

Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which makes the phœnix' urn and nest,
Fear not youre ships,
Nor any to oppose you, save our lips,
But come on shore
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves, our panting breasts,
Where never stormes arise,
Exchange; and be awhile our guests:
For starres gaze on our eyes.
The compass, love shall hourly sing,
And as he goes about the ring,
We will not misse
To tell each point he nameth with a kisse.

NATHANIEL FIELD.

Born 1590, *died* 1640.

THE WAKING BEAUTY.

Rise, lady! mistress rise!
The night hath tedious been,
No sleep hath fallen into my eyes,
Nor slumbers made me sin:
Is not she a saint then, say,
Thought of whom keeps sin away?

Rise, madam. rise! and give me light,
  Whom darkness still will cover,
And ignorance, darker than night,
  Till thou smile on thy lover;
All want day till thy beauty rise—
For the gray morn breaks from thine eyes.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Born 1591, *died about* 1664.

THE ROSARY.

One ask'd me where the roses grew,—
  I bade him not go seek;
But forthwith bade my Julia shew
  A bud in either cheek.

Some ask'd me where the rubies grow!
  And nothing I did say,
But with my finger pointed to
  The lips of Julia.

Some ask how pearls did grow, and where;
  Then spoke I to my girl
To part her lips, and shew them there,
  The quarrelets of pearl.

THE CAPTIVE BEE.

As Julia once a slumbering lay
It chanc'd a Bee did fly that way,
After a dew, or dew-like shower,
To tipple freely in a flower.
For some rich flower, he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip;
But when he felt he suck'd from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence,
He drank so much he scarce could stir,
So Julia took the Pilferer.
And thus surpris'd, as filchers use,
He thus began himself to' excuse:
Sweet *Lady-Flower*, I never brought
Hither the least one thieving thought;
But taking those rare lips of yours
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much syrup ran at waste.
Besides, know this, I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing;
But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
For honey that I bear away.
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of honey 'fore her Ladyship:
And told her, as some tears did fall,
That *that* he took, and that was all.
At which she smil'd, and bade him go

And take his bag; but thus much know,
When next he came a pilfering so,
He should from her full lips derive,
Honey enough to fill his hive.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
  Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
  To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
  The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
  And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
  When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst—
  Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
  And while ye may go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
  You may for ever tarry.

HYMN TO VENUS.

Goddess! I do love a Girl
Ruby-lipt, and tooth'd with pearl!
If so be I may but prove
Lucky in this Maid I love;
I will promise there shall be
Myrtles offered up to Thee.

DR. HENRY KING.

Born 1592, *died* 1669.

SONG.

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which like growing fountains rise
To drown their banks! Grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks:
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the store of discontent.

Then clear those waterish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain;
Lest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow, for thy sake.

THOMAS MAY.

Born about 1596, *died* 1652.

Dear! do not your fair beauty wrong,
In thinking still you are too young
The rose and lilies in your cheek
Florish, and no more ripeness seek.

Your cherry lip, red, soft, and sweet,
Proclaims such fruit for taste most meet:
Then loose no time!—for Love has wings,
And flies away from aged things.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

Born 1605, *died* 1654.

PARTING.

I am engag'd to sorrow; and my heart
Feels a distracted rage. Though you depart,
And leave me to my fears; let love, in spite
Of absence, our divided souls unite:
But you must go! The melancholy Doves
Draw Venus' chariot hence; the sportive Loves,
Which wont to wanton here, hence with you fly;
And like false friends, forsake me when I die.
For but a walking tomb, what can he be
Whose best of life is forced to part with thee?

SONNET.

What should we fear, Castara? The cool air,
That's fallen in love, and wantons in thy hair,
Will not betray our whispers. Should I steal
A nectar'd kiss, the wind dares not reveal
The pleasure I possess; the wind conspires
To our blest interview, and in our fires
Bathes like a Salamander; and doth sip
Like Bacchus from the grape, life from thy lip!
Nor think of night's approach. The world's great Eye
Though breaking Nature's law, will us supply
With his still flaming lamp; and, to obey
Our chaste desires, fix here perpetual day!
But should he set, what rebel Night dares rise.
To be subdu'd in the' victory of thy eyes?

TO THE DEW; IN HOPE TO SEE CASTARA WALKING.

Bright Dew! which dost the field adorn,
As the' Earth, to welcome in the morn,
Would hang a jewel on each corn:

Did not the piteous Night, whose ears
Have oft been conscious of my fears,
Distil you from her eyes, as tears?

Or that Castara, for your zeal,
When she her beauties shall reveal,
Might you to diamonds congeal?

If not your pity, yet howe'er
Your care I praise; 'gainst she appear,
To make the wealthy Indies here.

But see, she comes! Bright lamp o'th' sky
Put out thy light; the world shall spy
A fairer sun in either eye!

And liquid pearl hang heavy now
On every grass, that it may bow
In veneration of her brow!

Yet if the wind should curious be,
And where *I* here? should question thee:
He's full of whispers, speak not me!

But if the busy tell-tale Day
Our happy interview betray;
Lest thou confess too, melt away!

TO CASTARA.

We saw and woo'd each other's eyes;
My soul contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice,
By which our marriage grew divine

Let wilder youth, whose soul is sense,
Profane the temple of delight,
And purchase endless penitence
With the stol'n pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we despise
  The sensual idol of our clay:
For though the Sun do set and rise,
  We joy one everlasting day;

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
  While each of us shine innocent,
The troubled stream is still impure:
  With virtue flies away content.

And though opinion often err,
  We'll court the modest smile of fame;
For sin's black danger circles her,
  Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one dark silent room
  Death shall our loving coffins thrust,
Fame will build columns on our tomb,
  And add a perfume to our dust!

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,

Born 1605, *died* 1668.

SONG.

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
  And climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes his window for the east;
  And to implore your light, he sings,
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
  The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
  Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your vails of lawn!
 Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

Born 1605, *died* 1634.

ON HIS MISTRESS.

I have a Mistress, for perfections rare
In every eye, but in my thoughts most fair!
Like tapers, on the altar, shine her eyes;
Her breath is the perfume of sacrifice;
And whereso'er my fancy would begin,
Still her perfection lets religion in!
I touch her, like my beads, with devout care;
And come unto my courtship, as my prayer:
We sit, and talk; and kiss away the hours,
As chastely as the morning dews kiss flowers.

We wear no flesh: but one another greet,
As blessed souls in separation meet.
Were it possible that my ambitious sin
Durst commit rapes upon a cherubin;
I might have lustful thought to her, of all

Earth's heavenly quire the most angelical!
Looking into my breast, her form I find,
That, like my guardian angel, keeps my mind
From rude attempts; and when affections stir,
I calm all passions with one thought of her.

Thus they whose reasons love, and not their sense,
The Spirits love: thus one intelligence
Reflects upon his like; and by chaste loves,
In the same sphere this and that Angel moves.
Beasts love like men; if men in lust delight,
And call that love which is but appetite!
When essence meets with essence, and souls join
In mutual knots, that's the true nuptial twine.
Such, Lady! is my love; and such is true:
All other love is to your sex, not you.

TO A LADY ADMIRING HERSELF IN A LOOKING-GLASS

Fair Lady, when you see the grace
Of beauty in your looking-glass—
A stately forehead, smooth and high,
And full of princely majesty;
A sparkling eye, no gem so fair,
Whose lustre dims the cyprian star;
A glorious cheek, divinely sweet,
Wherein both roses kindly meet;

A cherry lip that would entice
Even gods to kiss, at any price;
You think no beauty is so rare.
That with your shadow might compare,
That your reflection is alone
The thing that men most doat upon.
Madam, alas! your glass doth lie
And you are much deceiv'd, for I
A beauty know of richer grace.
Sweet! be not angry—'tis your face.
Hence then, O learn more mild to be,
And leave to lay your blame on me!
If me your real substance move,
When you so much your shadow love.
Wise nature would not let your eye
Look on her own bright majesty,
Which had you once but gaz'd upon,
You could except yourself love none
What then you cannot love, let me—
That face I can, you cannot see!

"Now, you have what you love (you'll say),
What then is left for me, I pray?"
My face, sweet heart! if it please thee;
That which you can, I cannot see.
So either love shall gain his due,
Your's, Sweet! in me, and mine in you!

EDMUND WALLER.

Born 1605, *died* 1687.

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heavens extremest sphere.
The pale that held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

THE ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In desarts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush to be admired.

Then, die; that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

Born 1607, *died* 1666.

THE ROSE.

Thou blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes;

Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon,
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.

If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know then, the thing that swells thee is thy bane;
For that same beauty doth in bloody leaves
The sentence of thy early death contain.

Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn;
And many Herods lie in wait each hour
To murder thee as soon as thou art born,
Nay, force thy bud to blow, their tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death.

JOHN MILTON.

Born 1608, *died* 1674.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
  Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still!
  Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of Day,
  First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
  Portend success in love: O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
  Now timely sing, e'er the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
  As thou, from year to year, hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
  Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

SONNET.

O lady fair! whose honour'd name is borne
  By that soft vale, where Rhine so loves to stray,
  And sees the tall arch crown his watery way!
Sure happy he, though much the Muse's scorn,
  Too dull to die beneath thy beauty's ray,

Who never felt that spirit's charmed sway
Which gentle smiles and gentle deeds adorn;
Though in those smiles are all love's arrows worn,
Each radiant virtue though those deeds display!
Sure happy he, who that sweet voice should hear
Mould the soft speech, or swell the tuneful strain,
And, conscious that his humble vows were vain,
Shut fond attention from his closed ear;
Who, piteous of himself, should timely part,
Ere love had held long empire in his heart!

HENRY GLAPTHORNE

Born about 1608, *died* —.

SONG.

Unclose those eye-lids, and outshine
The brightness of the breaking day!
The light they cover is divine,
Why should it fade so soon away?
Stars vanish so, and day appears
The suns so drown'd i' th' morning tears.

Oh! let not sadness cloud this beauty,
Which if you lose, you'll ne'er recover!
It is not love's but sorrow's duty,
To die so soon for a dead lover.
Banish, oh! banish grief, and then
Our joys will bring our hopes again.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Born 1609, *died* 1641.

When, dearest! I but think of thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are present, and my soul delighted;
For beauties that from worth arise,
Are, like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, though unsighted.

Thus, whilst I sit and sigh the day,
With all his borrow'd lights away,
Till night's black wings do overtake me;
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As sudden lights do sleepy men,
So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies; and dying, proves
No absence can subsist with loves
That do partake of fair perfection:
Since in the darkest night they may,
By love's quick motion, find a way
To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood
Bathe some high promont', that has stood
Far from the main up in the river:
Oh! think not, then, but love can do
As much; for that's an ocean too,
Which flows not every day, but ever!

SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail
Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her!

RICHARD LOVELACE.

Born 1618, *died* 1658.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

When Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;

When I lie tangled in her hair,
  And fetter'd to her eye,—
The birds, that wanton in the air,
  Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
  With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
  Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
  When healths and draughts go free,—
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
  Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
  With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
  And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
  He is, how great should be,—
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
  Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Born 1611, *died* 1667.

THE CHANGE.

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;
Love does on both her lips for ever stay,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there:
In all her outward parts Love's always seen:
But, oh! he never went within.

Within Love's foes, his greatest foes, abide,
  Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride:
So the earth's face trees, herbs, and flowers, do dress,
  With other beauties numberless;
But at the centre darkness is, and hell;
There wicked spirits, and their damned, dwell.

With me, alas! quite coutrary it fares;
Darkness and death lie in my weeping eyes,
Despair and paleness, in my face appears,
And grief, and fear, Love's greatest enemies;
But, like the Persian tyrant, Love within
  Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen.

Oh! take my heart, and by that means you'll prove
  Within too stored enough of love:
Give me but yours, I'll by that change so thrive,
  That love in all my parts shall live.
So powerful is this change, it render can
My outside Woman, and your inside Man.

ALEXANDER BROME.

Born 1620, *died* 1666.

THE RESOLVE.

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
  Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
  Nor curls in order laid;
Nor of a rare seraphic voice,
  That like an angel sings;
Though if I were to take my choice,
  I would have all these things.
But if that thou wilt have me love,
  And it must be a she;
The only argument can move
  Is, that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
  But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
  Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
  Lilies their whiteness stain:
What fool is he that substance seeks,
  And may the shadow gain!
Then if thou'lt have me love a lass,
  Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the glass
  That's with Canary lined.

THOMAS STANLEY.

Born about 1625, *died* 1678.

SPEAKING AND KISSING.

The air which thy smooth voice doth break,
  Into my soul like lightning flies;
My life retires whilst thou dost speak,
  And thy soft breath its room supplies

Lost in this pleasing extacy,
  I join my trembling lips to thine,
And back receive that life from thee
  Which I so gladly did resign.

Forbear, Platonic fools, t' inquire
  What numbers do the soul compose;
No harmony can life inspire,
  But that which from these accents flows.

CELIA SINGING.

Roses in breathing forth their scent,
Or stars their borrow'd ornament:
Nymphs in their wat'ry sphere that move
Or angels in their orbs above;
The winged chariot of the light,
Or the slow silent wheels of night;

The shade which from the swifter sun
Doth in swifter motion run.
Or souls that their eternal rest do keep,
Make far less noise than Celia's breath in sleep.

But if the angel which inspires
This subtle flame with active fires,
Should mould this breath to words, and those
Into a harmony dispose
The music of this heavenly sphere
Would steal each soul in at the ear,
And into plants and stones infuse
A life that cherubim would chuse,
And with new powers invert the laws of fate,
Kill those that live, and dead things animate.

GEORGE VILLIERS,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Born 1627, *died* 1688.

SONG.

Come, let us now resolve at last
  To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast,
  That time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove.
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love,
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No pleasure nor no rest;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas! I lov'd you best.

Say but the same to me; you'll find
How blest will be our fate!
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.

CHARLES COTTON.

Born 1630, *died* 1687.

SONG.

Prythee, why so angry, sweet?
'Tis in vain
To dissemble a disdain
That frown i' th' infancy I'll meet,
And kiss it to a smile again.

In that pretty anger is
Such a grace,
As Love's fancy would embrace,
As to new crimes my youth entice,
So that disguise becomes that face.

When thy rosy cheek thus checks
My offence,
I could sin with a pretence:
Thro' that sweet chiding blush there breaks
So fair, so bright an innocence.

Thus your very frowns entrap
My desire,
And inflame me to admire
Those eyes, drest in an angry shape,
Should kindle as with amorous fire.

APHARA BEHN.

Born 1630, *died* 1686.

SONG.

What mean those amorous curls of jet?
For what heart-ravish'd maid
Dost thou thy hair in order set,
Thy wanton tresses braid?
And thy vast store of beauties open lay,
That the deluded fancy leads astray.

For pity hide thy starry eyes,
  Whose languishments destroy;
And look not on the slave that dies
  With an excess of joy.
Defend thy coral lips, thy amber breath;
To taste these sweets, alas! is certain deat

Forbear, fond charming Youth, forbear,
  Thy words of melting love:
Thy eyes thy language well may spare
  One dart enough can move.
And she that hears thy voice, and sees thy
With too much pleasure, too much softnes

Cease, cease, with sighs to warm my soul,
  Or press me with thy hand:
Who can the kindling fire controul,
  The tender force withstand?
Thy sighs and touches like wing'd lightnin
And are the God of Love's artillery.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Born 1631, *died* 1701.

Ask not the cause why sullen Spring
  So long delays her flowers to rear?
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
  And winter storms invert the year?
Chloris is gone; and fate provides
To make it Spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone.—The cruel Fair,
  She cast not back a pitying eye,
But left her Lover in dispair;
  To sigh, to languish, and to die.
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they cannot cure!

Great God of Love! why hast thou made
  A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
  And change the laws of every land?
Where thou hadst plac'd such power before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
  Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can restore the dead from tombs
  And every life but mine recall:
I only am by Love design'd
To be the victim for mankind!

SONG.

Ah, how sweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young Desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach Love's fire!
  Pains of love be sweeter far
  Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
Do but gently heave the heart:
E'en the tears they shed alone
Cure like trickling balm their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and Time with reverence use!
Treat them like a parting friend:
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send:
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein:
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again:
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

GEORGE ETHEREGE.

Born 1636, *died* 1694.

SONG.

Ladies, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes his chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright arms from you,

With which he does the world subdue;
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.

Then rack not lovers with disdain,
Lest love on you revenge their pain:
You are not free, because you're fair,
The boy did not his mother spare:
Though beauty be a killing dart,
It is no armour for the heart.

CHARLES SACKVILLE,

EARL OF DORSET.

Born 1637, *died* 1705-6.

SONG.

Phillis, for shame! let us improve,
  A thousand different ways,
Those few short moments snatch'd by love
  From many tedious days.

If you want courage to despise
  The censure of the grave,
Though Love's a tyrant in your eyes,
  Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride;
  Nor can it e'er submit,
To let that fop Discretion, ride
  In triumph over it.

False friends I have as well as you,
  Who daily counsel me
Fame and ambition to pursue,
  And leave off loving thee.

But when the least regard I show
  To fools who thus advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
  Most miserably wise!

SONG.

May the ambitious ever find
  Success in crowds and noise,
While gentle love doth fill my mind
  With silent real joys!

Let knaves and fools grow rich and great,
  And the world *think* them wise:
Whilst I lie dying at her feet,
  And all the world despise!

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,
  And melt in court delights:
Her eyes can give much brighter days!
  Her arms, much softer nights!

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Born about 1639, *died* 1708.

INDIFFERENCE EXCUSED.

Love, when 'tis true, needs not the aid
  Of sigh, nor oaths, to make it known:
And, to convince the cruel'st maid,
  Lovers should use their love alone.

Into their very looks 'twill steal,
  And he that most would hide his flame
Does in that case his pain reveal:
  Silence itself can love proclaim.

This, my Aurelia, made me shun
  The paths that common lovers tread,
Whose guilty passions are begun,
  Not in their heart, but in their head.

I could not sigh, and with cross'd arms
  Accuse your rigour, and my fate;
Nor tax your beauty with such charms
  As men adore, and women hate.

But careless lov'd, and without art,
  Knowing my love you must have spied;
And thinking it a foolish part
  To set to show what none can hide.

DISINTERESTED LOVE.

Phillis, men say that all my vows
  Are to thy fortune paid
Alas! my heart he little knows
  Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I, of all these woods, the lord,
  One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford,
  Than all my large commands.

My humble love has learnt to live
  On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
  Beneath the myrtle shade.

JOHN WILMOT,

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Born 1647, *died* 1680.

ON HIS MISTRESS.

My dear Mistress has a heart
  Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless dart,
  And her eyes she did enslave me:

FRANCIS ATTERBURY.

Born 1662, *died* 1731-2.

ON A FAN.

Flavia the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ!
This Fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love:
Yet she with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives *coolness* to the machless dame,
To every other breast—a *flame!*

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Born 1664, *died* 1721.

SONG.

While from our looks, fair nymph, you guess
  The secret passions of the mind;
My heavy eyes, you say, confess
  A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

ANNE, MARCHIONESS OF WHARTON.

Born ——, *died* 1685.

SONG.

How hardly I conceal'd my tears,
How oft did I complain,
When many tedious days my fears
Told me I lov'd in vain!

But now my joys as wild are grown,
And hard to be conceal'd;
Sorrow may make a silent moan,
But joy will be reveal'd.

I tell it to the bleating flocks,
To every stream and tree,
And bless the hollow-murmuring rocks
For echoing back to me.

Thus you may see with how much joy
We want, we wish, believe:
'Tis hard such passion to destroy
But easy to deceive!

CHARLES MORDANT

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

Born 1658, *died* 1735.

I said to my heart, between sleeping and wakin
" Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or a
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, i
nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-patation?'

Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober re
" See, the heart without motion, though Celia p
Not the beauty she has, not the wit that she bo
Give the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

When our Sappho appears—she, whose wit so
I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind
Whatever she says is with spirit and fire;
Every word I attend, but I only admire.

' Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heaven, though man is her aim:
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes—
Those stars of this world are too good for the ski

" But Chloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care,
When she comes in my way—the motion the pai
The leapings, the achings, return all again."

—— O wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season;
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she

JOHN CUTTS,

BARON GOWRAN.

Born ——, *died* 1704-5.

SONG.

Only tell her that I love,
  Leave the rest to Her and Fate!
Some kind planet, from above,
May perhaps her pity move:
  Lovers on their stars must wait:
Only tell her, that I love!

Why, oh, why should I despair?
  Mercy's pictur'd in her eye:
If she once vouchsafe to hear,
Welcome hope, and welcome fear,
  She's too good to let me die;
Why, oh, why should I despair?

FRANCIS ATTERBURY.

Born 1662, *died* 1731-2.

ON A FAN.

Flavia the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ!
This Fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love:
Yet she with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives *coolness* to the machless dame,
To every other breast—a *flame!*

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Born 1664, *died* 1721.

SONG.

While from our looks, fair nymph, you guess
  The secret passions of the mind;
My heavy eyes, you say, confess
  A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas! but little art
  To have this fatal secret found;
With the same ease you threw the dart,
  'Tis certain you can show the wound.

How can I see you, and not love,
  While you as opening east are fair?
While cold as northern blasts you prove,
  How can I love, and not despair?

The wretch, in double fetters bound,
  Your potent mercy may release:
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
  Fair Prophetess! my grief would cease.

SONG.

In vain you tell your parting Lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempest loose:
That, thrown again upon the coast

shipwreck'd heart was lost,
re repeat my pain;
ying notes complain
rs, and cold disdain!

GRANVILLE

LANSDOWNE.

1667, *died* 1735.

TO MIRA.

th' approaching flame,
dden death, it came;
by lightning kill'd;
oment I beheld.

ny charms are plac'd,
as nobly grac'd;
ining to behold,
hest gems and gold.

es admir'd before,
d graces more;
s into a flame
from her beauty came.

improv'd by thought,
ge I am caught!
with fatal art,
m that stung his heart.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

Born 1672, *died* 1728.

SONG.

See, see, she wakes, Sabrina wakes!
  And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
  From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give;
  But different fates ere night fulfil:
How many by his warmth will live!
  How many will her coldness kill!

SONG.

Cruel Amynta! can you see
  A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,
  But through your eyes the conquest made.

In ambush there the traitor lay,
  Where I was led by faithless smiles;
No wretches are so lost as they
  Whom much security beguiles!

SAMUEL SAY.

Born 1675, *died* 1743.

TO VALENTINE, ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

Hail, best of Bishops, and of Saints the best
By flaming Love distinguished from the rest;
By love, the life in heaven, and business of the blest.

Love made the world! 'Twas love alone could draw
The disagreeing seeds to Natures law;
Heaven saw the effects of Love, and bless'd them when it saw.

Hence, mighty Saint, thy power deriv'd from Love,
Thy great commission reaches all above;
And earth and sea beneath, and all that live and move.

Thou call'st the flowers! they feel the glad command;
On sunny banks in smiling rows they stand,
Broke from their mother's womb, and dress'd by Nature's hand.

By thee the birds salute the welcome Spring,
Inspir'd by thee and Love, in pairs they sing:
With music and with joy the woods and vallies ring.

Fierce tigers yield to thee! To hear thy voice,
The gentle hind and rugged bears rejoice;
And fishes scud the waves, to meet their happy cho

See, see, the cheerful morn! how bright it shines
With larger steps the Sun his course reclines,
As conscious of thy day, as favouring thy designs:

All wed below, and he above would wed;
The youthful earth has drest her fragrant bed,
And promises her shades to shroud his radiant head

At his approach the storms and winter fly;
The joyful bride her snowy vest lays by,
Nor does, untimely coy, her naked form deny.

Ah! could thy power so warm Lucretia's heart,
And make the winter there and cold depart;
How wouldst thou bless a wretch, and ease his ragi
smart!

Couldst thou but make her soul consent with min
And with her heart her answering hands to join!
For thee should Phœbus sing, and all the tune
Nine.

While I in annual songs thy name would raise,
Thy day should stand above the rest of days,
All lovers bless the Saint! and crown my head wi
bays!

THOMAS PARNELL.

Born 1679, *died* 1717.

SONG.

When thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky,
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
When it darts in your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

"There's a passion and pride
"In our sex (she replied),
"And thus (might I gratify both) I would do:
"Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
"But still be a woman to you."

BARTON BOOTH,

Born 1681, *died* 1733.

SWEET ARE THE CHARMS OF HER I LOVE.

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
  More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
  Gentle as air when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes, and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
  Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gilding waters roll,
  Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
  The dam the tender kid pursues;
Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
  Of verdant spring, her note renews;
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
  And vary as the seasons rise
As winter to the spring gives place,
  Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
No change in love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring Time, with stealing pace,
  Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble towers, and gates of brass,
  In his rude march he levels low:
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart,
  The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart
  To mingle with the bless'd above.
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
  Twin-born, from heaven together came:
Love will the universe control,
  When dying seasons lose their name;
Divine abodes shall own his power
When time and death shall be no more.

AARON HILL,

Born 1684, *died* 1749-50.

SONG.

Oh! forbear to bid me slight her,
  Soul and senses take her part;
Could my death itself delight her,
  Life should leap to leave my heart.
Strong, though soft, a lover's chain;
Charm'd with woe, and pleas'd with pain.

Though the tender flame were dying,
  Love would light it at her eyes;
Or, her tuneful voice applying,
  Through my ear my soul surprise.
Deaf, I see the fate I shun;
Blind, I hear I am undone.

JAMES THOMSON.

Born 1700, *died* 1748.

SONG.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to Love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the love of life is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

SONG.

Unless with my Amanda bless'd,
  In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,—
  In vain I rear the breathing flower.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
  In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the freshning fields appear:—
  Without my love there is no Spring.

HENRY CARE

Born —, *died* 1743.

SONG.

To be gazing on those charms
To be folded in those arms,
To unite my lips with those
Whence eternal sweetness flov
To be lov'd by one so fair:
Is to be blest beyond compa

On that bosom to recline,
While that hand is lock'd in n
In those eyes myself to view,
Gazing still and still on you:
To be lov'd by one so fair,
Is to be bless'd beyond com

ROBERT DODSI

Born 1703, *died* 1764.

SONG.

Come, my fairest! learn of me,
Learn to give and take the bli
Come! my Love, here's none bu
I'll instruct thee how to kiss.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

Why turn from me that dear face?
  Why that blush and downcast eye?
Come, come, meet my fond embrace,
  And the mutual rapture try.

Throw thy lovely twining arms
  Round my neck and round my waist;
And, whilst I devour thy charms,
  Let me closely be embrac'd:
Then when soft ideas rise,
  And the gay desires grown strong,
Let them sparkle in thy eyes,
  Let them murmur from thy tongue.

To my breast with rapture cling!
  Look with transport on my face!
Kiss me, press me! every thing,
  To endear the fond embrace.
Every tender name of love,
  In soft whispers let me hear;
And let speaking nature prove
  Every ecstasy sincere.

SONG.

Whilst on thy dear bosom toying,
  Cœlia! who can speak my bliss?
Who the raptures I'm enjoying,
  When thy balmy lips I kiss?

Every look with love inspires me,
  Every touch my bosom warms,
Every melting murmur fires me,
  Every joy is in thy arms.

Those dear eyes how soft they languish!
  Feel my heart with rapture beat!
Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
  When the transport is so sweet.
Look not so divinely on me,
  Cœlia! I shall die with bliss:
Yet, yet turn those eyes upon me!
  Who'd not die a death like this?

SOAME JENYNS,

Born 1703-4, *died* 1787.

CHLOE HUNTING.

Whilst thousands court fair Chloe's love.
  She fears the dangerous joy,
But, Cynthia-like, frequents the grove,
  As lovely and as coy.

With the same speed she seeks the hind,
  Or hunts the flying hare;
She leaves pursuing swains behind,
  To languish and despair.

Oh, strange caprice in thy dear breast,
  Whence first this whim began;
To follow thus each worthless beast,
  And shun their sovereign, man!

Consider, fair, what 'tis you do,
  How thus they both must die;
Not surer they, when you pursue,
  Than we whene'er you fly.

GEORGE, LORD LYTTLETON.

Born 1708-9, *died* 1773.

TO LUCY.

When I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before:
I say to my heart, "be at rest, and believe
That whom once she has chosen she never will leave."

But, ah! when I think of each ravishing grace
That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face,
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove;
Since you neither can lessen your charms, nor my love:
But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame;
For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

PRAYER TO VENUS, IN HER TEMPLE AT STOWE.

Fair Venus, whose delightful shrine surveys
  Its front reflected in the silver lake,
These humble offerings, which thy servant pays,
  Fresh flowers and myrtle-wreaths propitious take!

If less my love exceeds all other love,
  Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
Far from my breast each soothing hope remove
  And there let sad despair for ever dwell.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone,
  No other wish or other object knows;
Oh! make her, Goddess, make her all my own,
  And give my trembling heart secure repose.

No watchful spies I ask, to guard her charms;
  No walls of brass, no steel-defended door:
Place her but once within my circling arms,
  Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more!

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Born 1709, *died* 1779.

LOVE RESISTLESS.

Almighty Love! oh inexhausted source
Of universal joy! first principle
Of all creating nature! harmony
By which her mighty movements all are rul'd!

Soft tyrant of each element; whose sway
Resistless through the wilds of air is felt.
Through earth, and the deep empire of the main!
Thy willing slaves, we own thy gentle power,
In us supreme, with kind endearments rais'd,
Above the merely sensual touch of brutes.
By thy soft charm the savage breast is tam'd,
The genius rais'd. Thy heavenly warmth inspires
Whate'er is noble, generous, or humane,
Or elegant; whate'er adorns the mind,
Graces and sweetens life: and without thee
Nothing or gay or amiable appears.

JAMES HAMMOND

Born 1711, *died* 1742.

Ah! what avails thy lover's pious care?
His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain;
Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle pray'r,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hoped to gain.

With thee I hoped to waste the pleasing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was past:
Then, old with love, insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom gently breathe my last.

I only ask, of her I love possest,
To sink o'ercome with bliss, in safe repose;
To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
And kiss her wearied eyelids till they close.

No second love shall e'er my heart surprise,
This solemn league did first our passion bind!
Thou, only thou, can'st please thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can sooth his troubled mind.

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me!
Displease all others, and secure my rest:
No need of envy, let me happy be,
I little care that others know me blest.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
Where never human footstep mark'd the ground;
Thou, light of life! all darkness can'st expel;
And seem a world, with solitude around.